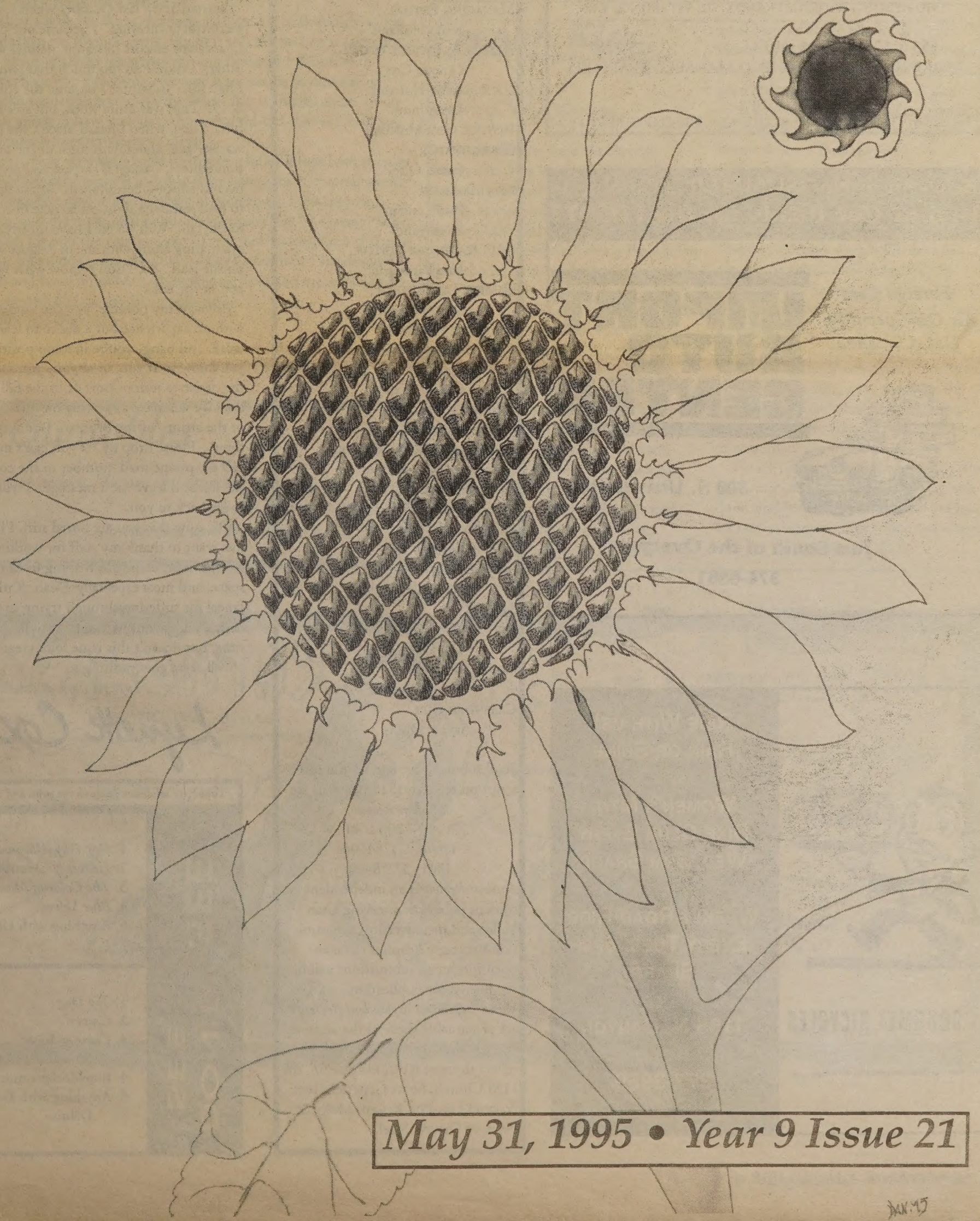


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May 31, 1995 Year 9 Issue 21

Student Review

An Independent Forum for Student Thought



May 31, 1995 • Year 9 Issue 21

May 95

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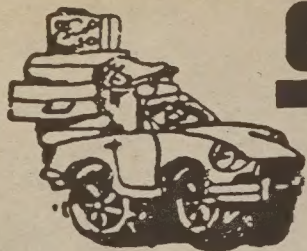
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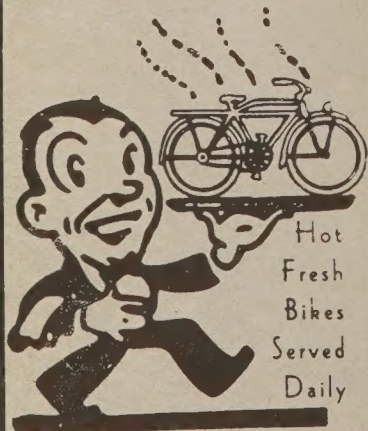


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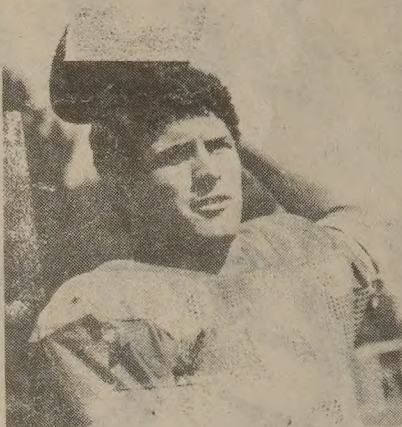
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Peter, or Geneva Steel.

Note From Lynette:

Well, here we are again. I can't believe we are
even getting this issue out. I'm so thankful for
all of the staff. They were willing to jump into
this and work their butts off for me.

Do you ever wonder sometimes how you get
yourself into certain situations? I do. I keep
asking myself how in the hell did I get myself
into this position here at *Student Review*. I
guess everyone else was leaving and I volun-
teered. I didn't realize that the entire winter
staff would be gone or too busy to help out.
So, I had to beg people I knew as well as for-
mer *SR* workers to come sacrifice. I realize
now that this paper really means a lot to me.

I started at *SR* last October when I went to a
recruitment meeting. I became one of two I &
O assistant editors (Suzanne Benner was the
other). I didn't do too much that semester, but
I had fun. In winter I became the editor for I
& O. That was more work, but still a lot of
fun. Then, when I heard Stacey, the editor,
was leaving, along with most of the other sec-
tion editors, I asked if she wanted me to take
over as editor when she left. My main goal was
to find someone right off to take over as editor
in the fall. Well, so far I have mostly seniors
graduating along with me in August working
on the staff. So, I don't know what will hap-
pen in the fall.

Anyway, my point is, you can come in here
with no experience but a desire to learn and
work, and bang—you're in a top position before
you know it. If you, or anyone you know, has
the desire to join us now or in the fall, please
do. We will have a meeting on Tuesday, June 6
in the atrium of the Brimhall Building (2nd
floor). Please drop by. If you can't make it,
call the phone mail number in the column to
the left and leave me a message. I will definite-
ly get back to you.

Ok, now that you are bored stiff, I'll close. I
just want to thank my staff for working so
hard, Linda Adams for helping us find work
space, and most especially, Dean, Karla, and
Janeal for suffering through trying to figure out
design and layout with me. It took a long
time, but doesn't this issue look great?

Well, here goes nothing.....

Lynette Cox, editor-in-chief

Lynette Cox

Your Easy reference guide to the prim and the pitiful

SEE

1. *Dog Day Afternoon*
2. *Heavenly Creatures*
3. *The Color of Money*
4. *Blue Velvet*
5. Anything with Uma

DON'T
SEE

1. *Top Dog*
2. *Casper*
3. *Color of Night*
(Director's Cut)
4. Blueblockers music videos
5. Anything with Dom
Deluise

Cinematics

A Declaration of Principles

by Turk Robinson, section editor

Perhaps you just opened this beloved paper of ours and wondered "What the heck is this Cine-thing? I want my Religion section!" If you'll look carefully in two or so pages you should come upon your precious religion section; but if I already have you here, let me tell you a little about the brand spanking new section at the *Review* called Cinematics.

One night it came to me in a dream. It started out with one of those instances where you keep on falling and falling down a deep dark hole and then you wake up on the floor. This time I didn't end up on the floor so much as found myself in a large valley surrounded by pink clouds and aqua blue pastures. (Something like in those tripped-out Beatle videos). Anyway, there were all the spirits of *Student Review* Past staring me in the face. I asked them why they brought me there, but all they said was "Start Cinematics, young Turk, start Cinematics."

And so here I am writing this to you.

To explain a little bit about this section, I want it to be fun to read as well as informative. If you haven't caught it yet, this section is going to focus on film and all the ways that you can desensitize people with it...well perhaps not. I feel that everyone is interested in one way or another about entertainment and the world that it encompasses. To do this we are going to have various features and tid-bits that will help you on your journey to entertainment nirvana.

In short, I have traveled far and wide seen a lot of things both strange and disgusting, and I can tell you that there's not a lot of entertainment ready to jump out at you. You're going to go through life with pain, frustration, and the occasional honor code inquiry. Let Cinematics help you through life and the pain as a sort of textbook to happiness through the screen. If you don't comply...excuse me, Pretentious Cheerleaders from Hell and Sometimes Mars is coming on USA and everyone knows that was the best film of the 80's, hands down.

Have fun and don't mind the sarcasm.

30 second reviews

(That's how much time it will take to read.)

Bullets Over Broadway

MPAA Rating R

Review by Turk Robinson

Coming out on video is one of the most charming, rich, and laugh-out-loud hilarious movies of last year. Directed by Woody Allen, *Bullets over Broadway* is the story of a struggling playwright and director who receives inspiration from a mobster, sexual healing from an over-the-hill actress, and nothing from the cast of his Broadway show.

What impressed me most about this film was the wonderful writing by Woody Allen and Douglas McGrath, nominated for an Academy Award last year (beat out by the punchy *Pulp Fiction*). Allen and McGrath weave a beautiful story that has an unpredictable twist as well as one of the funniest scripts since *Bananas*. The cast is superb and rages the words through the whole farcical comedy.

If you have any inclination to laugh or merely have a taste for intelligent humor, *Bullets Over Broadway* is for you. And remember most from this movie that looks are deceiving, as are wonderbras.

French Kiss

(The film, not what you do on a first date)

MPAA Rating PG

Review by Amber Knieriem

French Kiss is a romantic comedy which stars Meg Ryan and Kevin Kline. It is about a woman (Ryan) who travels to France to retrieve her fiancée, whom she lost to a beautiful French model. En route to Paris, she meets a scheming Frenchman (Kline) who gives her lessons in winning her fiancée back.

Meg Ryan and Kevin Kline work well together. Both are experienced comic actors and have a great sense of comic timing and a whole lot of energy. Meg Ryan is adorable and she has a rough edge to her humor that I haven't seen in her previous films. Kevin Kline meanwhile, does a great job of playing the clichéd Frenchman. He's rude, crude, has a passion for living, and tries very hard to be sexy. He is also a nicotine phobic's nightmare. These two bicker and scheme together quite well, and it makes the film

work because of the hilarity of it all.

However, in the few instances where they give each other lovesick looks, it tends to get a little corny, and I can never picture them as a couple, because I keep thinking that Meg Ryan should be traveling to Seattle to meet Tom Hanks.

If you like comedies with a biting humor, then this film is for you. However, if you're more into films that are sweetly romantic, then go rent *Sleepless in Seattle*. *French Kiss* does not rely on the romantic feelings that the characters feel for one another to make it entertaining, but rather the comedic energy which drives them to outwit the other. This film doesn't even have a romantic "look" to it. The director and production designer do nothing to romanticize the look of gray and dismal Paris, and keep the beauty of the French countryside to a minimum.

French Kiss in a word is enchanting, the performances of Ryan and Kline are well done, and it's fun watching them bounce off one another. So take a date and escape into gay Paris. 3 out of 5 stars.

Quotables

"We are actors. We are the opposite of people."

-- Richard Dreyfuss

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead.

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NATHANIEL ★

Arts & Leisure

Adam Blackwell's *Blind Dates* in the Margetts Theatre

Review by Geoff Baker

*I'm thinking about power
And the ways a man can use it*
—Jane's Addiction,
"Standing in the
Shower...Thinking"

BYU student and playwright Adam Blackwell wants us to think about power. He wants us to ask ourselves questions about difficult subjects, such as sexual harassment, rape, revenge—questions for which our society is having trouble locating adequate answers. Blackwell wants to start discussing such issues, and a play's the thing to get the ball rolling.

Under the direction of Sterling Vanwagenen, Blackwell's play *Blind Dates* opened Friday, May 19th, in the Margetts Theatre of BYU's Harris Fine Arts Center. Despite administrative production snags (the play was officially thought impermanently canceled two weeks before the first night of previews) and minor script revisions (implemented largely to avoid the offending of BYU audiences with the gritty dialogue of Blackwell's original version), *Blind Dates* could go down as one of the most provocative and important original plays to grace a BYU stage. It will definitely get people talking, and will probably spark off a couple of letters to the *Universe*, and this is exactly what the playwright wants.

Blackwell, originally from Norwich, England, cites as his major influence an American playwright with a similar penchant for writing tough, unblinking plays that make people talk: David Mamet, the mind behind the plays *Glengarry Glen Ross* and *Oleanna*, among others, and the adapted screenplays for Brian De Palma's *The Untouchables* and Sidney Lumet's *The Verdict* (for which Mamet received an Academy Award nomination). In fact,

Oleanna, Mamet's hard-hitting "what if?" meditation on sexual harassment, was so controversial that advertisements in London ran the slogan "If you haven't seen *Oleanna* yet, you've got nothing to argue about"; on seeing the play, couples would leave the theatre literally refusing to speak with each other. I mention *Oleanna* here, not simply because of Blackwell's acknowledgement of Mamet's influence, but because Blackwell uses *Oleanna* as a springboard. It is the first word of *Blind Dates* that the audience will hear after the opening prayer and the dimming of the lights, a point of departure from which the play steps outward to deal with and focus on different aspects of power and gender than Mamet chose to address.

As the play's title perhaps suggests, *Blind Dates* concerns itself (textually, at the very least) with the issue of date rape. Lauren (Carolyn Stone), a writer working on a novel about rape, and her agent, Ted (Jeff Hanson), sit on nicely-upholstered fauteuils (that is, when they're not guesting on rowdy, *Oprah*-esque talk shows) and discuss the hypotheticals of date rape. Between these scenes, the rest of the cast act out Lauren's developing novel, in a dark and uncomfortably realistic world of black furniture and dim lighting. The structure requires a cinematic approach to stage direction, an approach that involves quick cuts from scene to scene.

Lauren's novel is the story of Melanie (Shannyn Walters) and Brynn (Carrie Smith), two sisters who have to tell their family that they've been raped, and it chronicles the family's attempts to cope with the trauma. But, rather than steeping itself in the sort of melodrama usually reserved for made-for-T.V. movies, *Blind Dates* keeps moving, rarely stopping to catch its

breath or to let the audience catch theirs, in an effort to broach as many possible aspects of and variations on the issue at hand. Because of the almost frenetic pace and the several post-intermission plot twists, *Blind Dates* is a play that is extraordinarily demanding on its actors. And in lesser hands, this might have caused more problems than would be acceptable.

Jason Ball, who plays Warren, the father, calls this experienced cast "the best ensemble of actors I've ever worked with." They all seem to be able to let their characters represent without being merely emblematic of what they represent. Shannyn Walters as Melanie is effectively touching and convincing; Kevin Rham is disturbingly smooth as Eric, the "friend" that won't take Melanie's "no" for an answer; and Jason Ball and Anne Flemming (Joyce) work well as the victims' parents, trying to understand the situation and keep from feeling utterly helpless. As writer and agent, Stone and Hanson carry off their talk show appearances and private discussions with spontaneity and familiarity.

Even though, in reality, talk show's debates have become little more than the *reductio ad absurdum* for all of society's problems, such discussions in *Blind Dates* serve an important purpose: they tend to broaden the play's dimensions, bringing the theme of power out of the sub-text and into the front lines. Like *Oleanna*, although *Blind Dates* focuses on a specific issue, the pervasive presence of the concepts of power and powerlessness, strength and concession, refuse to allow Blackwell's work to be only about date rape. Rape is merely one of the ugliest manifestations of power, but power works and violates at all levels of human relations—from husband and wife, to writer and agent, to a high

school girl and her prom date.

Both Blackwell and Vanwagenen insist that they want the production to disturb without offending, and I don't think that they'll be disappointed; *Blind Dates*, somewhat because of the subject matter, but mostly because of the sensitive manner in which it is treated, is destined to disturb and raise questions. The character Lauren, arguing with her agent, defends the conclusion of her novel, in which nothing is facilely concluded. (This is, in context, also the rhetorical end of Blackwell's piece.) As in her book, she asserts, ends are rarely tied up nicely for us in reality, and answers don't come just because we want them to.

Like the playwright who created her, Lauren dabbles in disturbing hypotheses, what Nietzsche called the "sober contemplation of reality"—pushing the reader/audience to re-assess and re-examine views of power and the ways a man can use it, moving us, coercing us into at least attempting to find solutions—without giving any one-sided propaganda of her own. And this humility, this desire to inform without being presumptuous enough to teach, are the greatest strengths of Blackwell's and Vanwagenen's production. As intriguing as it is important, *Blind Dates*, a play about power, makes for a powerful play.

Blind Dates concludes its run on June 3. All performances start at 7:30 p.m. Ticket prices are as follows: \$6 for students/faculty/staff; \$7 for senior citizens and alumni; and \$8 for the general public. Tickets are available at the Fine Arts Ticket Office in the HFAC (378-HFAC), Signature, Visa and Mastercard are accepted. If you go and I'm there, respect the effort being put into the performance, and don't talk during it; it's rude, it's my pet-peeve, and I'll give you a crusty look.

How to Have the Most Leisurely Summer of Your Life

by Emily Asplund

Summertime and the livin's easy. The leisure is also easy; you can't take two steps in Utah without smacking up against some great entertainment. This place is lousy with artsy/leisure type stuff, and *SR* is just the unofficial campus publication to tell you all about it.

Let's begin with what I consider to be the essential summer activity: picnicking. My favorite spot for a little al fresco meal is Provo City Park. It's off that road to Springville; I don't know what road that is. Anyway, there's a big sign for it on the left hand side on your way to Springville. The park is wonderful because it has nice lawns and rolling hills which are surrounded by scrubby forest that you can explore if you

want. It also has a playground and a pond where lots of cute ducks live. The best part, in my opinion, is the big tree at the southern end of the park; it has a huge gnarly trunk and great sprawling limbs, which makes it a perfect place to set up your own little heaven. The only bad part of the picnic I had there last summer was when my sister said "Look! There's a beaver swimming in the pond!" "Wow," I said. "I didn't know they had beavers here." Being from Eastern Canada, and therefore an expert on beavers, I then said "That looks like a pretty small beaver...Wait a minute...that's no beaver...that's a rat!" My sister and I slowly looked at each other, shuddered ever-so-slightly, and silently left. Although for us the park now took on a soiled quality, for you it can be a brand new world of enchantment. So, although you won't be seeing me there any time soon, you should pack up some chicken and a nice slaw and head on out to Provo City Park.

If you're looking for a nice Spring camping spot you should try San Raphael Swell. Don't ask me how to get there; when I went it was nighttime and I was in the very back of a large van singing "The Joker" at the top of my lungs, so I really couldn't tell you. But if you can get there you will find yourself in a Road Runner-like world of red sand and rocky buttes. Now is the best time to go, before it gets too hot and too crowded. During the day you can drive up a certain road (again, I was sitting in the back) and see the petroglyphs that date back to the time of Christ. At night I suggest you run up to the top of one of the smaller buttes and howl; then settle back for some wonderful stargazing. Bring plenty of blankets and/or "special friends"; it gets cold at night in the desert..

Probably the best thing I did last summer was go to the Twilight Concert Series when the Dirty Dozen Brass Band played. The series is free and is held every

see *Summer*, pg. 5...





The Swim

by David Bastian

Piano lessons. She had wanted to play guitar but Mom said guitar wasn't lady-like so she got piano lessons. And though she hadn't had a lesson in at least five years it was on her mind as she sat by the shore of Cecret Lake on the first day over eighty degrees this year. She may have been crying, but who could tell? She looked small and young sitting on that rock under the sun. Nobody noticed her. She was wearing pants and a long-sleeve shirt despite the heat. Mom felt that was a more proper way to dress, and she never argued with Mom. She never argued with anyone.

She sat on the rock for about an hour just staring at the green pines and the blue sky that surrounded her. They cast their reflections in the water, turning it emerald green. After a while of staring she retreated into a silent world. Up here, away from wedding plans and announcements...away from Mom. This was one of the few places she could actually relax and be herself—not someone's future wife or perfect daughter. Up here she felt burdens being lifted.

She stood up and stretched. It was hotter now than when she had started a few miles back at the trail head. The water beckoned even though she knew swimming was not allowed; but she didn't have to know, and the water spoke her name. Slowly she removed her clothes. She heard nothing but the water's call. Saw nothing but its glass-like surface. She was soon shed of all things man made. She was no longer invisible.

Parents on shore were covering their children's eyes to the sin of nudity, and boys who talked like they were used to it were noticeably embarrassed. Quietly she slipped into the icy caress of the water and as she swam she looked like a slender fish in the crystal clear lake. This was not respectable at all and certainly improper for the soon-to-be wife of a future doctor—that was what made it so great. For just a moment all form was gone—for just a moment the rules were, too. There was only her and the water. She slid effortlessly beneath the surface and upon emerging, was greeted by a badge wearing a green uniform and a frown.

The water droplets glistened on her untanned skin as she climbed back onto the rocks. If the ranger noticed her naked body, he made no mention. He simply handed her a pink slip of paper. She folded the slip twice but had nowhere to put it. Across the lake a few guys in tie-dyed T-shirts cheered. Not for her nudity though. The bumper of their car read "Question Authority."

She put her clothes on and could hear the whispers around her. She smiled again as she thought of what Mom would say if she ever got wind of this. "You were raised better than that...What in God's name were you thinking?" Piano lessons?

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Summer...

Thursday night at the Gallivan Utah Center (which is that park-like thing in downtown Salt Lake somewhere—I'm so bad with directions). When those guys were wailing up on that open air stage, and the whole crowd was dancing and shaking with a feeling of grooviness and love, it brought a tear to my eye. This year the concerts will be held July 13-August 24. The first band is a group from Madagascar, playing a mix of jazz, funk and dance music. Take a picnic and you're set.

Another free music series in Salt Lake is the Brown Bag Concert Series, which is held at various downtown parks and plazas. There is a concert every Monday-Friday, from June 5-August 25; that makes 53 concerts altogether. Whew! The concerts start at 12:15 and feature everything from classical music to rock 'n roll. This year the series opens with a group from England called The Daily Planet, which I believe will be playing pop-type music. The best thing about this series is that if you go up to Salt Lake for the day and are walking around, you just might come across a great concert. The world of arts and leisure is just full of these little surprises!

But here's the deal; we have an amazing artsy/leisure resource right here in Provo: that's right, the Museum of Art. Why is it nobody goes there? Did you know that they have about 15 Rembrandts in the basement of that place? They have seven exhibits right now, and still you can hear

the cricket chirps echoing off the walls in there. The exhibit entitled "150 Years of American Painting" was reviewed in *SR* by Art Goddess Gabby, who was effusive in her praises of it. The Patrick Ireland display, the Alan West collection, and the Modern Icons exhibit are also all wonderful. Oh, just go in there and soak up the art! Feed your soul! And afterward you can get a succulent meal at the Museum Cafe; I highly recommend the humus and the chicken and feta salad. What more could you want out of a leisure experience?

Okay, but let's say that you want to cram all your allotted arts and leisure time into one big extravaganza of pleasure. In that case, there is only one event for you: the Utah Arts Fest. This thing takes place June 22-25 in Salt Lake and it is quite an intense experience. There will be over 120 artists on Market St. selling their works; some of them are local and some are nationally known. In the children's art yard all the little kiddies will be able to make their own masks and other such crafts, all with the theme of "The Rainforest"; I'm hoping to get in on that scene. And as if that weren't enough, the Triad Center will be host to a slew of fabulous performers, including Taj Mahal, a blues band (Sat. 24, 10:00 pm), and Toby Twining Music, an a cappella group. And of course those incomparable Saliva Sisters (they do parodies and silly songs; they're the ones on that LaVell Edwards commercial with big lips on their

heads) will be performing at 8:30 pm on Sunday the 25. Apparently, however, the highlight of the whole event will be Gary Vlassic's performance art piece called "Natural Disasters," wherein the Triad stage contains a projection of films of natural disasters, people rappelling down the sides of the stage, an ice rink (where I assume people will be skating), and the music of the likes of Ministry and Nine Inch Nails. This madness will take place every night of the festival at 10:00. And I bet they will have vendors selling gyros and stuff to boot; now that's what I call a festival.

Do you see now how much there is to do in Utah? I haven't even mentioned the Springville Art Museum, the Shakespeare Festival in St. George, hiking in the Uintas, BYU's theater and music productions, the Utah Symphony's summer season, or Seven Peaks for that matter. I'm feeling leisurely just thinking about it all. Since we have no beaches in Utah (if there were I wouldn't care about any of this other stuff), we have to be a bit more creative with our summer entertainment (we also have to get farmers' tans from wearing long shorts all the time). So wean yourselves from your swamp coolers and get some leisure; and I don't mean the kind of leisure that requires three remote controls. I'm talking about summertime self-improvement. So get up off your butts and do something leisurely.

Noise Makers

WOLF'S CHILD: HEAR THEM HOWL

NOISE EDITOR'S PICK OF THE MONTH. AN INTERVIEW BY DEAN JONES

Mowgli was born in the jungle; Wolf's Child sounds like they were raised in the jungle. A ravaging array of speed metal and droning vocals, Wolf's Child is the funnest metal experience in Provo.

Guitarist Bart Morris, and bassist Callon Lee deserve special mention. Unlike other local bands Bart and Callon have a blood-curdling chemistry. These two sound like they have been playing together since exiting their mother's respective wombs.

Bart, a self-instructed guitarist from Virginia, says he's a "meat and potatoes guitar man," heavily into distortion. His secret: "I like a deep sound that doesn't rely on mechanization. I concentrate on talent rather than hiding behind machinery."

But showmanship is not lacking in this group. The band puts on quite a display, enraging adults and captivating student audiences who like to rock. Bart's favorite groups are Black Sabbath, Danzig, Tool, and Slayer. He enthusiastically describes Wolf's Child as a total synthesis of power rock, hard-core punk, and speed metal.

Callon, the most reserved member of the band, fits the part. His quiet demeanor hides a talented bassist who is more concerned with the band's overall performance than spotlighting his personal agenda. Once you get him talking, however, this facade crumbles and his love for the music reveals a constrained enthusiasm that comes to life in his performance.

Callon pours out his soul through his bass, but internally he is connected with Bart. The two seem like spiritual brothers, anticipating one another's moves as if through a psychic beam. Callon reiterates this point saying, "[Bart and I] are more concerned with the audience enjoying themselves than one single member hogging the show." Callon is a behind-the-scenes kind of guy who works with Bart for the band's total benefit, not his own. Song and sound are the supreme deity. While Scott and Bart are usually the creative geneses behind the songs, Callon provides the finishing touches.

Eric Tautfest is the drummer; a more

talented drummer can't be found. He is a keynote player in an ultimately exciting new band. Eric sits back quietly and lets the rest of the band talk about their music. He smiles when I compliment him on his playing. "I want to enhance the band's performance," he says, "the band is most important to me."

The essence of his performance is antithesis. While the band—guitarist, bassist, and vocalist—jam out in 4/4 time, Eric will digress into his own little world of complicated drum beats and rhythms. But Eric says he never loses sight of the band's ultimate goal: crowd involvement. His exotic rhythms only enhance the band's overall performance, adding a unique sound to a band that will only play their own original material (no covers allowed!). Impressive for a band so young. One musician who sat with me during the performance said, "[Eric Tautfest] is one of the best original drummers I've seen in Provo's local bands."

Scott Chapman (the poet, lyricist, lead singer, and songwriter of the group) puts on plenty of show by gyrating and pushing his bulky 225 pounds all over the dance floor (regardless of any helpless victims who may have fallen in his path). Scott says his number one goal is audience participation. "We like to sing when we dance," Scott roars to his audience. This is an understatement. As crowds of people pile on top of each other, Scott unceremoniously moves through them like *Aliens* meets *The Love Boat*. Throwing bodies about effortlessly, he's obviously not afraid to interact with his audience.

The momentum can't last forever, however, most people won't outlast Wolf's Child. These boys rock harder than anybody. "This is a team that likes to work together," Scott says. "We look out for each other's skills and abilities." Emotion is the key. "Blind obedience, passion, self-dignity, self-improvement, and love are the themes to our music. We're not out to just turn a buck; we want to put on a good show." At this point Eric interjects, "As long as we break even we're happy—I mean, no one wants to lose money. But we're artists and we love the music we play."



(from left to right) Bart Morris, Callon Lee, Scott Chapman, and Eric Tautfest.
If You Like To Rock, This Band's For You!

Scott resumes control of the conversation saying, "I write the kind of music that I would be popping in the cassette deck if I were listening. When our CD eventually comes out, the lyrics will be worth listening to and worth reading."

As I listen to the band, I don't have a hard time believing this. Talking about their songs, Scott and Bart give off a real sense of pride. They both write about their lives; each song is personal and intimate. "I Live in the Now" is an honestly simple duet (don't worry it doesn't get sappy) between Scott and Bart. The band's most somber piece, the song talks about "a wish for the old days" with a sudden realization that "you don't have to be ruled by the past—live in the now." "Zombie Warrior" (my personal favorite) is a raging song that explores all kinds of emotions: fear, anger, and complacency. Their last song of the set, "Wus," is heavy into cool distortion, culminating in a climax that displays their talent and energy. Then, just sit back and wait for Scott's authentic-sounding Wolf's howl winding up the first song they ever wrote, "Us Wolves."

Sometimes it seems these guys become their music. It's contagious. Midway through the set, the once-complacent audience begins howling and shouting along with the band's

heavysset lead singer. A few songs later most of the crowd is on their feet doing themselves bodily harm on the dance floor. I sense that the reason for all of this enthusiasm and pent-up energy release comes from the intimacy of the band's music. The audience feels the honesty and reacts with violent emotion.

Big, fat, heavy distortion, pulsing rhythms, droning vocals, gut-grinding bass, profound creativity, and a positive outlook on life characterize this emotion-oriented band. Their energy and enthusiasm for the music can turn a small congregation into a raging stampede. With Scott bouncing audiences around the dance floor, and the other band members doing their best to put on a good show, Wolf's Child is Provo's best bet for a promising, new, hard core band.

If you like pain and entertainment (and have a difficult time distinguishing the two), check out the band next time they play. It is a guaranteed good time. Wolf's Child plays on June 10, at The Big Green Grass Party, with twelve other bands: Stigma, TIG, Headrush, Tempest Fuget, etc. FREE. Sharon Park, Orem (5th N. 3rd E.). And June 9, at The Station, 9:00 pm.

This band is worth any price of admission.

There's No Looking Over This Four Leaf Clover ★★★★★

Album Review by Dean Jones

Clover, one of the best local bands for all audiences, is an eclectic mixture of mild electric, bass, and original acoustic guitar sounds.

"Sun," the title track off the album (a #1 single aired on X-96) is a hopelessly entertaining song. Since their last hit "(Don't Go Down To) Mirror Lake," Clover has had a lot of expectations placed on them; "Sun" is a glowing response. Refusing to try and write a follow-up, Clover has opted for a new sound. A mellow melody and

entrancing hook move this song about in the band's galactic euphoria. A song about desperation and the twilight of hope, "Sun" shows a brighter side to this multilateral band.

"Cassiopeia," a skillfully painted canvas showing Jamen Brooks' lyrical artistry is evidence of the band's versatility: "City lights pass us by and paint the night beneath the sky / Sullen eyes can't disguise the pain that lies between the lines." This song deals with legends and the melancholy relationship

between the past and present. Always something of an enigma, Jamen has put together some intelligent songs, this being one of his finest.

"Vera Lee," easily Clover's best song, is destined to become a hit. With a catchy hook and slick timing, "Vera Lee" has the power to make any wallflower move. You simply can't sit still during this song. "I light the candle burning slowly / I see my feet are sinking slowly / I feel the hook is going deeper into my eyes" are typical of the

type of striking images Jamen puts into his lyrics (so it's not just a catchy tune that makes this song good after all). Other good tracks on this latest album are "Ghost," "Grow," and "The Station."

"Plastic Faces," on the other hand, is a good song that somewhat sums up the problem with Clover. Their biggest dilemma—a lot of their songs sound the same. Still, the band is making progress. The collaborative collection compiled for this album shows a vast

World War III: The Bomb Drops Here ★★★

Concert Review by Dean Jones

Touted as the beginning of Armageddon in Provo, WWII delivered some heavy artillery. Here are our hits and picks from the show, just in case you missed it.

HONEST ENGINE: A great band. I'd never heard these guys before, but I'm looking forward to hearing them again. There's nothing better than a good, hard band that delivers—I like a little meat on my music. Unlike some hard core bands that have a meandering, water-like feeling about their music, this band has definite substance. Their lead singer has a great personality that comes off as electric on stage. He knows how to involve and excite the audience.

CLOVER: A definite must. This band is much better live, with electricity than they are on CD or acoustic. Charged with the fire they can really rock. Best bets: "Mirror Lake," "Vera Lee," "Cassiopeia," and "Sun."

ALI ALI OXEN FREE: John's absence is detrimental to this band. Once possessed of an innate innocence, this band's mystic creativity has dissipated into some kind of Christian rock/gospel choir. The regulars are in fine form (of course). Andrew Mishmash is excellent in the band; he supplements their performance with his "little guitar" (otherwise known as a Mandolin), adding a unique sound. Steve's vocals are strong, and his playing is even better. The drumming is as good as ever. The new bassist is extremely talented, and from what I understand, practiced like crazy to learn all the new songs (he learned them in one week flat—pretty impressive for a new guy). The problem with this revamped Ali Ali Oxen Free is the female vocalist. She adds so much drama to her vocals that one feels the influence of a soap opera on stage. An obvious Natalie Merchant fan, Ms. DeAzevedo keeps things a little bit on the sappy side. Too bad for Ali, maybe they should all "in-come-free."

STRETSCH ARMSTRONG: The little buzz boy is back, and he has more crazy antics and strange dances than ever. Stretsch Armstrong kept the entire dance hall packed with boys and girls stomping their brains out. Too bad this band had to play at the Edge, where bouncers are so hypersensitive about crowd control. The show could have been wildly fun if the security didn't keep breaking it up. Security stormtroopers act as if a national emergency has just occurred, grabbing helpless persons and rushing them out (like the president had just been shot). "Put your shirt back on!" I saw one security guard yelling in the face of a overly-enjoying-himself youth. Haven't these people ever been to the Vortex? The building will not immediately take fire if a shirt comes off (Yes, I know...we live in Provo, we live in Provo, we live in Provo. Ah, what a dreary world!). Anyway, the band was great. Stretsch Armstrong delivers more Ska entertainment than is healthy in one night.

WISH: I hate to say it but I really hated this band. Juvenile and unimpressive, Wish's whiny vocals began to get on my nerves. The lead singer catered to a very young crowd (what's their target audience, junior high?). Quite frankly it all seemed a bit pretentious for my tastes. Maybe I'm being harsh; maybe it was due to the fact that I had been exhausted by 4 hours of four other bands who had done a really great job. I don't know. Go figure.

Anyway, WWII was a great show. For those of you who missed it— too bad. I'm glad I was there. If they have another one (and I hope they do) go check it out. \$5 for five bands is the best deal in town. There's nothing else like it.

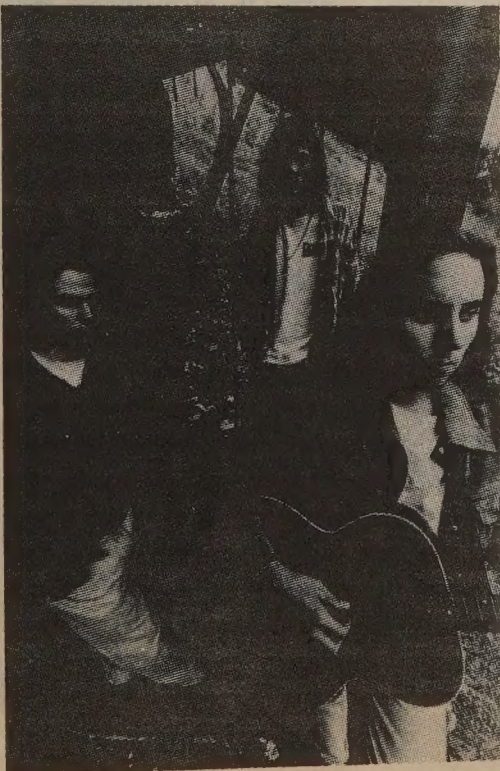
P.S. Thanks Sonic Garden for putting this whole thing together. Provo wouldn't be the same without you. God bless, hugs and kisses, love forever, blah, blah, blah...

NOISE EDITOR

(from left to right) Clover's Brant Paulsen: drums, Mitch Glende: bass, and Jamen Brooks: vocals.

improvement over their first attempt, simply titled Clover (an album no longer available).

Unfortunately, the confines of plastic can't contain all of Clover's charisma. Clover is much better live than on CD (a credit to the band's stage presence). Still this is a good album to buy, and when they're in town (and they often are), you should spend 5 dollars and check out their performance. College-aged students are obviously their biggest draw, but next time bring Grandma, Mom, Dad, Timmy, and Janet. They'll all enjoy the show. Clover opens for Toad the Wet Sprocket June 2.



Recommended Upcoming Events:

Fri June 2, Toad The Wet Sprocket with Clover. \$17.50. Tickets available at Crandall Audio in Orem, or Cosmic Aeroplane and Smokey's Records in Salt Lake. DON'T MISS THIS SHOW!!

Sat.June 3, Mtn. View High School. "Summer Rage" 4 pm-11:30 pm. Clover, Wish, Agnes Poetry, Willard Rice Band, Slackjaw, and more....9 bands for \$6 at the door. Tickets at Sonic Garden and Crandall Audio. Call 37-SONIC.

Thurs.June 15, "SKAAA!!" Stretsch Armstrong, Aquabats, Mealticket. \$6 in advance, \$7 at the door. 7 pm.Tickets at Sonic Garden and Crandall Audio (and check out our interview with Aqua Bats next issue).

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ATLAS SHRUGGED ★★

Band Review by Dean Jones

First impressions are important, but appearances can be deceiving.

At first glance, Atlas Shrugged seems like the typical clad-in-freshly-pressed-white-T's, black-shiny-Doc Marten-wearing Provo band that has plagued the local scene far too long. First impressions, however, can fade quickly.

During their opening number, Devin Marino's shocking Eddie Vedder-style vocals take control of this brown haired foursome, shouting "If you want her, If you need her." The band's strong bass, and powerful drumming overpowered the overly quiet lead guitar, which was poorly mixed. Incidentally, their hyper, looks-as-if-he-were-on-acid bass player is one of the highlights of the show.

Taking time out for guitar, drum, and bass solos, vocal displays of prowess, and throwing in plenty of healthy distortion for good measure, the band should work on a major image overhaul. They need to define their style and improve their drowned out guitar mix.

All things considered, this band puts on one hell of a show. With lots of talent, well developed songs, and energized stage antics, Atlas Shrugged is worth your two bucks admission.

Issues & Opinions

Phone Problems From Hell

by Suzanne Benner



We're not starting a consumer-rating service here at *Student Review*, but there are a few things that simply need to be said. Let me tell you about my experience...

Last August we got letters in the mail telling us that our apartment complex was switching our phone service over to Bitek. We didn't think that we had a choice, so we tried to deal with it. We tried to get ahold of them during their oh-so-convenient office hours—between 10 and 2. They claimed to be cheaper, but unfortunately we found that we were actually paying more per person than we used to be—especially since they never asked us who was living there and who wasn't. My roommate kept getting two bills instead of one—one with her correct name, and one with her name spelled slightly wrong. She called Bitek, and the lady told her she had to pay it anyway.

Their long-distance "codes" (which a friend of mine says they never even told them about—they thought they just couldn't call long-distance) that you have to put in instead of just dialing direct are insane. I don't know what happened with mine, because I never sent in my slip saying that I wanted to acti-

vate it—but then I got a bill with some long-distance calls on it. Our next-door neighbor would always get bills with charges that were randomly assigned to her, though one of her roommates had actually made the calls.

Luckily, a few months after all this started, they sent us "letters of agency" to sign, that they said US West required for them to continue service to us. We didn't send any of them back, and neither did our neighbors, and we thought "cool, now we'll get US West back." It didn't happen. Bitek assigned a roommate randomly to put the phone's name in—in our case a roommate that had already moved out—and we kept getting more letters of agency to sign, which we never did.

Last month I sent in a Bitek bill on the day it was due, and they charged me my three dollar late fee on my nine dollar bill. So, about a week and a half ago I decided to call US West to see whether I could get our phone switched back. They told me that the phone was in my old roommate's name (the one who hasn't lived here for a year), and that I needed to clear that up with Bitek before they could switch me over. I thought

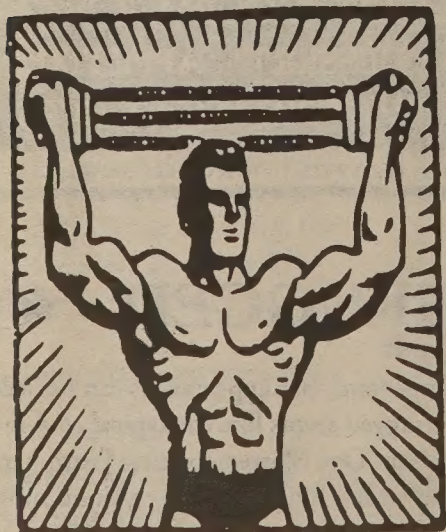
that would be okay, because a few weeks ago Bitek extended its office hours until 4:00, and it was only 3:30. So I called Bitek to tell them that our roommate was long gone, and that we were going to switch the phone over. Of course, since it was their office hours and everything, they didn't feel like being there. So, I thought, well, I'll call them later, since my classes go until their office hours are over every day. Until then, I can deal with it. Today Bitek shut off our phone. From what I gather, they are quitting business until Fall—which is also very convenient. So, we called Bitek and the lady was so polite and helpful my roommate was about to cry. They could switch us over without asking, but they couldn't switch us back, even when we did ask. Anyway, I called US West and a really cool lady straightened things out for us. We had our phone back in fifteen minutes.

I don't think that Bitek is all bad—I'm sure that they have saved some people money, and perhaps they have good intentions. Someone needs to compete with US West, right? Maybe they'll be better when they come back in the Fall. All I'm saying is, be careful.

On Thursday, June 15th, Sonic Garden presents...

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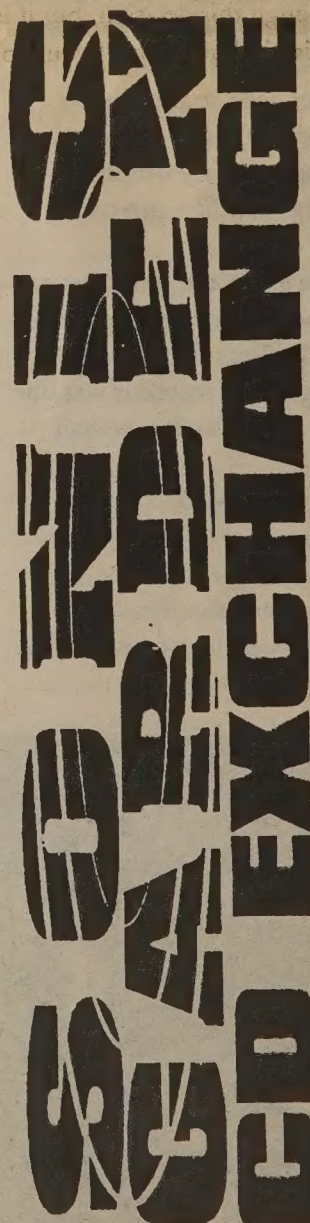
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The Continuing Adventures of Bill

by Suzanne Benner

Once upon a time in a factory far far away worked a man named Bill. Bill was just a regular guy, until you got to know him. At first, when you walked up to Bill, he looked average. Average height, average weight, average sort of brownish hair color. He had regular features and a mostly hopeful philosophy of life. The only problem with Bill (and many people had gone years without realizing it) was that he had no sense of humor.

Normally, this wouldn't be a problem. Many humorless people live almost-normal lives in the correct environment. This would, in fact, have been possible for Bill, but the fact was, Bill was broke. His father and mother, both successful literary critics, had brought him up as well as they could, but even before they both died in a most tragic literary accident, they had known that Bill was born humorless. They sent him off to a boarding school so that they could pretend to the neighbors that they had a nice, normal, funny son abroad, but Bill was always and only, Bill.

After the tragic accident of his parents, which practically killed Bill because he could not see the inherent humor of the accident or of death itself, Bill inherited quite a few manuscripts ready for publication, but because he could not understand the reason for their existence, he remained penniless. He sold the house to pay for the funerals, and got a job at the local adjective factory.

So, there was Bill, working all day in the hot, smelly, oppressive, adjective-rich factory, making adjectives. He wasn't very good at it. Really good adjectives need to contain certain nuances, and Bill could never grasp a nuance of humor. They kept slipping through his fingers. His superiors, concerned about his handicap and doing their absolute best to customize his employment, tried him in the Science Book department, but after a few years even the science books began to require little, adjectival nuances of humor. They tried giving Bill a pair of tweezers, but he still couldn't grasp the biggest, most humorous nuances. Therefore, his superiors had a problem: what should be done with Bill? First of all, they were concerned with the equal-opportunistic radicals, who would fight for Bill's humor-impaired status fang and screw. His supervisor, Mr. Green, thought that it would be hilarious to just send him a pink slip but when the firing committee looked at Bill's records they could see that he never understood anything even slightly humorous, and therefore determined that Bill wouldn't get it.

So they didn't send him a pink slip, but they did send him a Green slip, saying that he was re-assigned to the janitorial staff, cleaning up muddy meanings. Bill wasn't very happy about that but, then again, Bill wasn't ever happy about muck (or much). Lack of Humor syndrome and all that.

Bill was determined, naively, to prove himself, and so the first day of his new job was disastrous. Mr. Green knew that Bill's malady would be invaluable in attempting to explain especially difficult concepts, and so he encouraged Bill to work on the seemingly eternal textbook files. However, instead of accepting his limitations and trying to do something that could possibly make a difference, Bill started going through the "irreparable phrase" files, thinking that perhaps he would be the one to make them readable at last. Unfortunately for Bill (who after all didn't know any better), he selected a sentence from an e. e. cummings poem. He worked very hard on it, but when he was finished, cummings' "leaping greenly spirits of trees," had become "tall, green trees that were nice to look at." Immediately the Society for the Preservation Of Meaning (SPOM) was on his back, and in a mighty blow, they fired Bill.

Bill was disgusted at the (in his opinion) inconsiderate treatment that he had received, and he decided to complain to the ACLU (the Against a Common Language Union). They had tried giving him tweezers first, but he maintained that he had been discriminated against, and after all, big business should invest in researching a way to help humor-impaired people to function even more normally in society, and suing them for big bucks was a good way to force the investment.

Bill (of course) received what he perceived as justice, and won his lawsuit. Though the great majority of his settlement went to pay his lawyers (he didn't think that was funny either), he got enough money to pay his rent for six months, and to buy himself a new car. In addition, part of his settlement was that he got his old job back at the adjective factory. Much humor was lost through this decision, but it is the traditional way of things for the rights of the community to be sacrificed on the altar of the rights of the individual. And even that is kind of funny, if you look at it in just the right way.

Be sure to pick up the next Student Review for another installment of *The Continuing Adventures of Bill*.

Religion...

Loving a Nonmember in a Member's World

Name Withheld

I have so many things that I want not only to vent, but to give as food for thought to all those high-and-mighty members who believe that they've discovered the promised land and that they're the chosen ones.

I met John while working at the local super of supermarkets, Ream's Food Store, in January of 1994. He had just been separated from his wife for about four or five months after a hard time of trying to make it work, and he was a good friend of Jill, another checker who worked there. He thought I was pretty cool, so Jill set us up. (Actually, he was too shy to call me, so I called him first and we talked on the phone.) Anyway, we went out on our first date. I didn't know what kind of person he was, but I wasn't worried because I thought it would end up like all the other relationships I have ever had—usually dying off into relieved oblivion.

Well, we hit it off splendidly. After about three months we decided that we loved each other (which is typical of Happy Valley romances—it must be in

the water). Anyway, since I loved him, I was concerned about our future, mainly because he was one of the species we like to call the "Nonmember." I assumed that he was as phobic towards me as a Mormon as we Mormons are towards the Nonmember. I soon discovered that this strange species that we like to shut out of our lives and yet, ironically, convert into the fold, was a lot like me, and that he wasn't so bad. (O'bi gosh! It's a real live human with real live feelings like me!)

Anyway, needless to say my family was displeased with my association with this dirty specimen, which can only be handled under the special sterilized condition of being an official representative of the LDS Church. To make it worse, he was a male Nonmember. (And you just know how male Nonmembers can ruin a perfectly good Mormon girl.) So, after they threatened to take away my fundage to the BYU, I decided to lay low in our phone conversations when the inevitable question came up, "So, have you been dating anyone?" They didn't even want to meet the scumbag who threatened their "perfect record" of temple marriages.

Here I must digress and qualify my standing as to the gospel before you write me off as apostate. There is no question in my mind that the gospel is true, that Joseph Smith was a prophet, that the Book of Mormon is true, that Gordon B. Hinckley is our prophet that speaks for the Lord today, and that Jesus Christ is my living Savior—who forgives me and loves me a whole lot more than any of you could. I also know that the prophet said not to date the dreaded Nonmember, but sometimes I have to learn the hard way.

I believe that being told we are the chosen ones our whole lives tends to go to our heads. We may be called, but few of us are chosen; and we don't get to choose who is chosen. I don't know where we get off thinking that we are better than anyone else.

Well, John and I talk about religion a lot, and he comes to church with me every once in a while. Some people talk to him, but most probably don't care that he comes to church with me; maybe they're worried instead about that gorgeous person they've had their eye on all semester and what that person thinks about them.

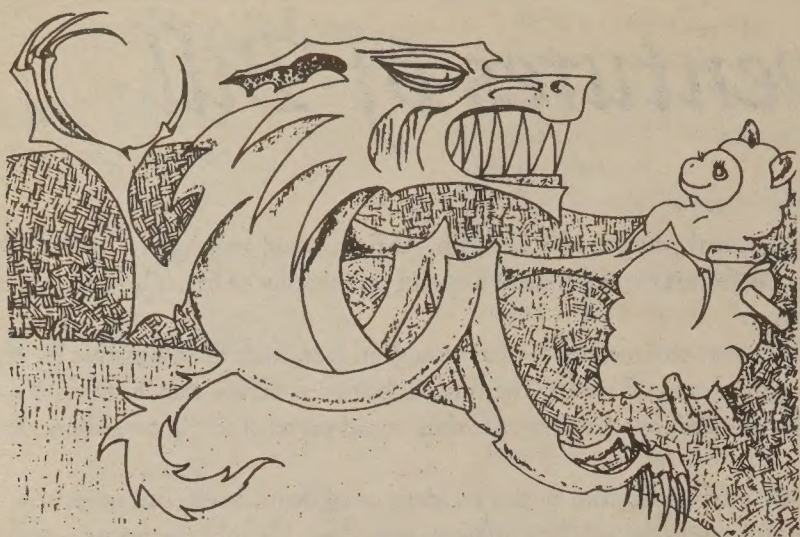
John has had a bad impression about Mormons, but he tries not to let

that influence his judgment too much about the religion. (Funny how a place filled with so much truth and knowledge can be so corrupt.) He wants to learn, but is also afraid to because he doesn't want to do it for me, and he knows that I don't want him to do it for me, either. In this place of so many RM's, only three have offered to help me with friendshiping him.

Where are all these holy RM's that are so wonderful and that every little girl (or her parents) dreams of marrying? What happened to "every member a missionary?" I know I seem disillusioned—I am. It's funny how Happy Valley is heralded as a haven of Mormondom, but it took me four years of living here to see that the only haven can come from within yourself. Maybe if people would stop looking in a specific geographical area for safety, they might be safe...and they might be capable of living "in the world, but not of the world."

John and I are still together. We face conflict that makes you want to break up and give up (or give in). The future is shaky for us because there's no place for us together in either of our worlds. All I know is that I love him.

Campus Life



Dusty Tins and Microwaveable Burritos

LaDawn Black

I'm truly nearing the top of Maslow's Hierarchy pyramid; my lifelong ambition is finally realized. I am an *SR* staff writer. So I go to my first *SR* meeting and am presented with my first major decision as an insider: which section do I want to write for? Naturally I'm late, so the room is already divided into neat huddles, each presumably associated with a section. My decision is made as I find myself drifting toward "Campus Life;" I huddle in. "Your articles are due Tuesday at 7 pm. Any questions?" "Uuh, yeah," I say, "like, what am I writing?" I'm not totally cognizant of what all transpired next, just that I walked away with my hand around a torn slip of paper (somewhat resembling a short stick) on which was scribbled one very troubling word: dating.

Troubling as it is, my experience tin is full of treasures and knickknacks having to do with the D-word (although, for reasons not known to me, my tin has been sealed and shelved recently, but that's a story for the ad section). I knew rummaging through the tin would be a good way to get ideas for my big article, but I just couldn't bring myself to open it. Would you believe it was the Golden Rule that stopped me? I kept thinking of the dust on the lid. I mean, how would you like it if you were resting on a tin and someone went and disturbed you? So I decided instead to shuffle through the tins of others well, just one other, really.

You see, I have a relative, we'll call him Don (as in Juan), whose tin is roughly the size of Botswana, and is chock-full of D-word knickknacks. His latest additions though, have been few and far between. "Why the slow up?," you may ask yourself. He's been asking the same thing ever since he moved to "Happy Valley" and has been attending BYU.

Time for a medium-sized tangent. Isn't it interesting that you never hear people who live in the greater Provo/Orem area refer to the greater Provo/Orem area as "Happy Valley?" Really only Californians and Easterners (because for Mormons the U.S. is pretty much made up of California; Utah, which includes Idaho, Colorado, and Arizona; and the "East Coast", which of course refers only to the area between D.C. and New York [both of which happen to be inland]—

oh, and some of us may have heard of Texas, but all we know about it is that it's big) ever say "Happy Valley."

Anyway, Don's having trouble with the ladies at BYU. He's tall, has thick, dark hair, coffee-colored eyes, dresses responsibly (usually because he consults me, but that's beside the point). In short, even I'd have to say he's a handsome chap. On top of all this, he writes, plays and sings very decent music, has recently released a (and is working on his second) cassette, drives a sporty car, is a returned missionary, and I'll also admit that his personality is, well, pleasant. "So, what's your problem, Casanova?" I asked Don. "Well, the Social Scene [hereafter to be referred to as the S.S.] is completely different here than in _____ . At home, if I meet a girl on Friday night, I can usually get her phone number, call her Saturday morning, have a date with her Saturday night, invite her to church on Sunday, eat dinner with the family that afternoon, and have lunch on Monday. That's just standard." I have my own views on this type of behavior, but I'm not sure this is the appropriate time to share them. Ach, what the hell...

I've been related to Don all my life (funny how it works that way), so it's safe to say I know him I mean really know him. The interesting thing about his statement is that in his Friday-to-Monday dating scenario, he seems to successfully accomplish what, for most others, would take six months. I call it his microwave relationship. I've often been tempted to put a label right on his forehead:

cocoa (first date).....' day
hot dog (meet family).....1 day
popcorn (first kiss).....2-3 days depending on wattage
frozen burrito (commitment)....4-5 days
baked potato ("the talk").....8 days

So, having seen "Microwave Man" (or "Burrito Boy," as you will) at work since our early teens, it's hard for me to have much sympathy for him. Provo has humbled him like I've always tried, but failed, to do; I just can't help but to be a bit grateful. It's all rather touching, isn't it?

"Here," he continued, "it's all about time. If I meet a girl on Tuesday, I guess it's written somewhere that if I call her before Saturday, it means I've had a revelatory dream that she's my destiny, I've chosen the name of our first born, and have seriously considered tile patterns. Or, worse, I'm labeled 'too eager.' I hate that." It's true. Despite it's whirlwind- romance reputation, dating is just not in the fast lane at BYU.

Don also attributes his lack of success to another aspect of the S.S. here in Happy Valley (I can say that; I'm from California). "Utah is a gold mine of beautiful women, but I swear, I've never run into so many flaky girls than in Provo. The running joke in my apartment last semester was that I'd been stood up more times than all the rest of my roommates put together had even been on dates...and two of them are engaged!" And let me just add that his unengaged roommates are no Ed Grimleys themselves.

Here's where I have to pat Don on the back a little. I honestly think women are shocked by, and in many cases, scared of him. I mean, he asks them out! At BYU this approaches a rarity equivalent to that of a good daytime talk show! And why don't BYU men ask the women out? Probably because they're scared too! FEAR, I tell you! It's our worst enemy! But Don has none. Believe me, he doesn't even know the meaning of the word.

Top 20

1. popsicles
2. tulips
3. Quiz Show
4. graduating in August
5. X files
6. Calvin and Hobbes
7. Michael Jordan
8. The Universe only 3 times a week
9. Animaniacs
10. Super Trouper Disco Rollers
11. Fortune cookies
12. sun
13. Blessed Union of Souls
14. free food
15. Aladdin sheets
16. Spotlights

17. Sandra Bullock

18. Twizzlers

19. Tim Robbins

20. Swaziland

Bottom 10

10. rain

9. rollerbladers on disco night

8. choking

7. The Universe still 3 times a week

6. Blue Raspberry

5. John Doe #3

4. Cheryl Crow

3. splintered bannisters

2. rust

1. crumbs in the butter

JUNE HOROSCOPE

Are you *tired* of phony horoscopes? Tired of calling the psychic hotline and being put on hold? *Student Review* hears you, and cares about your astrological needs. Directly from the stars, here is MADAME CHANTAL'S HOROSCOPE!



AQUARIUS:

(January 21 February 19)

The warm weather is drawing you towards the water. Forget classes hit the beach (or 7 Peaks, it's close enough). This month, put recreation *before* education. Also, don't forget to pay your tithing this month. God is keeping track.

Your Significant Other feels left out, try not to dog him (or her) so much. Watch out for any Leos in your path. They will be more of a hindrance than a help, despite appearances.

Your Fortune-Cookie-of-the-Month is: "Your financial condition is sound, and will remain so."

Your lucky days this month are the second and the fourteenth.



PISCES:

(February 20 March 20)

The planets are looking favorably upon your sign. You can't go wrong. Fish are a good omen. Your roommates will try to keep you under control but it will be to no avail. If you feel the urge to go to class naked this week, just *go with it*. Libra is after you, so watch out. One-night stands are unacceptable at BYU.

Your Fortune-Cookie-of-the-Month is: "Your present plans will be successful."

Your lucky days this month are the eleventh and the twenty-eighth.



ARIES:

(March 21 April 20)

You've been stressin' hard it's time to pull yourself together. No more white socks with the suit. Pay close attention to your fashion sense, it needs some desperate help. A geographically distant friend expresses her love. Be cautious as a romantic interest entrusts a secret with you. It is a test, it is only a test. Do not share it with your roommates. Anything you say can (and will) be used against you. If you are not cautious, forget it. You're gonna die.

Your Fortune-Cookie-of-the-Month is: "Life, to you, is a bold and dashing adventure."

Your lucky days this month are the

twelfth and the twenty-seventh.



TAURUS:

(April 21 May 21)

Think twice before laying up your treasures on earth. Caution: Shopping while upset can be hazardous to your checkbook. Remember that cool T-shirt you bought at Chess-King? Well, FYI, it will bleed all over your bra (true experience). Try to include everyone in the group let's have a little sharing and caring.

You know that Virgo you've been chasing forever? Give it up. It's not gonna happen. Time to move on.

Your Fortune-Cookie-of-the-Month is: "You have natural grace and great consideration for others."

Your lucky days this month are the first and the twenty-third.



GEMINI:

(May 22 June 21)

A big change is about to take place in your life. Don't be afraid of it, but don't be afraid to ask what the heck is going on either. Avoid saying "I hope you don't take this the wrong way, BUT...." Of *course* they're going to take it the wrong way my freak! Wake up. If you need to give advice to others, look first to yourself.

You know that guy (or girl) you were separated from in the pre-mortal existence? They're about to reappear. Be prepared clean your apartment.

Your Fortune-Cookie-of-the-Month is: "Stick to things as they are, distrust novelties."

Your lucky days this month are the seventeenth and the twenty-second.

IF TODAY IS YOUR BIRTHDAY:

Go kiss someone.



CANCER:

(June 22 July 23)

Re-evaluate your priorities. Until this happens, your life is going nowhere and the stars really can't be of much assistance.

By the way, you know that hot babe you're after? It's not worth the hassle.

Your Fortune-Cookie-of-the-Month is: "Depart not from the path which fate has assigned to you."

Your lucky days this month are the sixth and the thirteenth.



LEO:

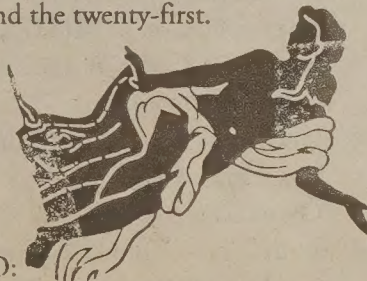
(July 24 August 23)

Remember that Professor that has been giving you crap? Write a letter to Rex (or, even better, to us we'll pass it on): Justice will be done! Also, write a letter to your mom. You missed Mother's Day, but you still might be able to get *some* money out of it.

Steal that good-looking Virgo away from Taurus. It was meant to be.

Your Fortune-Cookie-of-the-Month is: "You have a keen sense of humor and love a good time."

Your lucky days this month are the third and the twenty-first.



VIRGO:

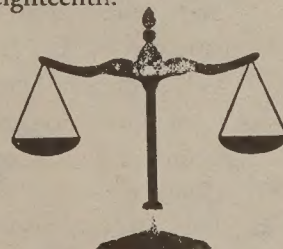
(August 24 September 23)

Having a bad month? Try pretending you're happy, and maybe somebody will believe you. Maybe not. If you really want to be happy go shopping. Charge cards are looking good to you this month (but not necessarily good *for* you).

Leo is coming after you, but don't give in. It wasn't meant to be. Go for Capricorn. If you're still hanging out with that Taurus guy, dump him. Lip action just isn't enough.

Your Fortune-Cookie-of-the-Month is: "You are original and creative"

Your lucky days this month are the fourth and the eighteenth.



LIBRA:

(September 24 October 23)

Your reputation hangs in the balance. Avoid bikinis. They are especially dangerous this month (however, go ahead and tan nude. Body Firm unlimited tanning pass \$25.00). If you don't have a tan, you're nobody. On the other hand, a nice tan will get you those dates you've been fantasizing about. Avoid date offers from Leos and Scorpios they sting.

Your Fortune-Cookie-of-the-Month is: "Re-affirm your faith in financial plans."

Your lucky days this month are...uh...the fifteenth.



SCORPIO:

(October 24 November 22)

Keep a journal this month. Next month it will make you laugh. Also be wary of new callings. They may require more than you want to give.

If you want that tan goddess you've been lusting after, it's time to start working out. A word of caution: avoid fake-and-baked Libras. Check out all possible garage sales that special someone will be there.

Your Fortune-Cookie-of-the-Month is: You will soon be placed in a position of authority over other people.

Your lucky days this month are the fifteenth and the thirty-seventh.



SAGITTARIUS:

(November 23 December 21)

The job you have been dreaming about your whole life will unexpectedly land in your lap. Take it. Quit that stupid fast food job that has been screwing you over and *take it*. Lighten up, everything is working out. However Avoid foreigners. They're bad news. Especially if they offer you cash for your services. Move on there are lots of new faces in town.

Your Fortune-Cookie-of-the-Month is: You will attract cultured and artistic people to your home.

Your lucky days this month are the nineteenth and the thirty-first.



CAPRICORN:

(December 22 January 20)

Don't let anyone take advantage of you this month stand up for your rights. Tell 'em how it is. If you do, you will overcome all the irritating challenges that will be yours this month. Someone you don't like is stalking you. Resist the urge to scream. I recommend getting a gun and *solving* the problem.

Your Fortune-Cookie-of-the-Month is: Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

Your lucky days this month are the seventh and the twenty-ninth.

[Editor's note: *Student Review* has confirmed Madame Chantal's authenticity as an astrological psychic, but we urge you to observe the fact that her last bit of advice to Capricorns was a *personal* recommendation. It should not be assumed that the stars support the NRA.]

Calendar

Film

- *Tower Theatre, 876 E 900 S, SLC, 297-4041.
- *Academy Theatre, 56 N University Ave., 373-4470.
- *Avalon Theatre, 3605 S State, Murray, 226-0258.
- *Carillon Square Theatres, 309 E 1300 S, Orem, 224-5112.
- *Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas, 959 S 700 E, Orem, 224-6622.
- *Movies 8, 2424 N University Parkway, Provo, 375-5667.
- *Scera Theatre, 745 S State, Orem, 235-2560.
- *Sundance Institute, screenings in the Sundance Institute Screening Room at Sundance Resort, call 328-3450 for schedules.
- *Tower Theatre, 875 E 900 S, SLC, 359-9234.
- *Varsity Theatre, on BYU Campus, 378-3311.

Concerts and Live Shows

- *Toad the Wet Sprocket, June 2, Fairpark Colosseum, \$17.50 at Crandall Audio.
- *Summer Rage, June 3 at Mtn. View High School; 9 bands, \$5 in advance, call 37-SONIC.
- *Peter Frampton with Wolf Gang, June 5 at the State Fairpark Grandstand, 7:30 pm. Tickets at 1-800-888-TIXX.
- *Phish, June 8 at Wolf Mountain. Ticket info, 1-800-888-TIXX.
- *SKAAA!! June 15, Stretsch, Aquabats, \$6 in advance, call 37-SONIC.
- *White Zombie with Babes in Toyland and The Melvins, June 20 at Saltair. Ticket info, 1-800-888-TIXX.
- *1995-96 Worldwide KISS Convention, June 22 at the Utah State Fairpark, 12 noon -12 midnight. Includes a KISS tribute band, drum and guitar clinics, KISS memorabilia and merchandise. Tickets at 1-800-905-KISS for \$100.00.
- *John Tesh, June 24 at Abanaveral Hall. Tickets at Art Tix, 355-ARTS.
- *Contagion with Indifference and Phaucet, June 25 at DV8. Admission is \$5.
- *8th Annual Utah Jazz and Blues Festival, July 28-29 at Snowbird. Ticket info, 355-TIXX.
- *James Brown, August 11, Upper Country, 3500 S Main, SLC. Call

466-6664 for more info.

- *Mormon Tabernacle Choir Rehearsals, Thursdays, 8-9:30 pm, Tabernacle on Temple Square.
- *Choir Broadcasts of "Music and the Spoken Word," Sundays, 9:30-10 am, Tabernacle on Temple Square, be seated by 9:15.
- *Temple Square Concert Series, Assembly Hall on Temple Square at 7:30 pm, call 240-3318 for info on performances.

Theater, Art and Culture

- *"Blind Dates," an explosive cross-examination of sexual harassment, gender and power by Adam Boulter. Margetts Theatre (BYU HFAC), May 17-June 3. Call 378-4322 for ticket information.
- *"Antigone," a piercing, ironic exploration of life and the tension between responsibility to self and obligation to community. Pardoe Drama Theatre (BYU HFAC), June 2-17. Call 378-4322 for ticket information.
- *"Annie" and "Oliver," until June 5 at the Hale Center Theatre, Orem, 226-8600.
- *"South Pacific," June 22-Sept. 9 at Sundance Resort Eccles Theatre. Tickets at 225-4100.
- *"Les Miserables," August 22-September 10 at the Capitol Theatre. Tickets on sale at the Box Office and Art Tix, 355-ARTS.
- *Utah Shakespearean Festival, June 22 through October 10 in Cedar City. Call 1-800-PLAY-TIX for more info.
- *BYU Museum of Art, featuring: "150 Years of American Painting," C.C.A. Christensen's "Mormon Panorama," "Michael's Corner," "West Meets East," and rarely exhibited drawings and paintings by Alex Darias, a former BYU Professor. Hours are 9 am to 9 pm, Mondays through Saturdays. For more info call 378-ARTS.
- *Gallery 303 in the HFAC is featuring a sculpture show by Heidi Somsen, May 17-May 31, 9 am to 5 pm Monday through Friday. Call 378-2881 for more info.
- *KHQN Radio and Krishna Temple hold a 10-course vegetarian feast every Sunday at 6 pm, program also includes Mantra meditation, films, and a talk on Bhagavad gita. Temple located at 8628 S Main in Spanish Fork, or call

798-3559 for directions.

- *Big Band Ballroom Dancing at Murray Arts Centre, 4868 S State, Tues and Sat at 8:30 pm, instructions at 7:30, 269-1400.
- *BYU Planetarium shows, Friday at 7:30 and 8:30 pm. Call 378-4361 for scheduling or 378-5396 for recording of shows.
- *Museum of Peoples & Cultures, at the corner of 700 N 100 E, presents "Paquime and the Casas Grandes Culture," open 9-5 weekdays, admission is free.
- *Monte L. Bean Life Science Museum, BYU Campus, open 9-5 weekdays, free admission. Call 378-5051 for more info.
- *BYU Earth Science Museum showcases a Jurassic fossil collection, open Mondays 9-9, Tuesday-Friday 9-5 and Saturday 12-5. Call 378-3680 for more info.
- *Hansen Planetarium, at 15 S State in SLC, shows include Laser-Pilots, Laser-U2, and Laser-Grunge, call 538-2098 for times.

Outdoor Events

- *Utah Summer Games, June 22-24 in Cedar City. Call 586-6033 for more info.
- *Women's Mountain Bike Club, every Wednesday, 5 pm sharp, Gourmet Bicycles.
- *Weekly road ride, every Tuesday, 6 pm sharp, Gourmet Bicycles.

Club Guide

- *The Bay, 400 S West Temple, SLC, 363-2623.
- *Bourbon Street Bar & Grill, 241 S 500 E, SLC, 359-1200.
- *Brewskys, Western dance, at the Utah State Fairpark Discovery Bldg., 262-1079.
- *Club X, 32 E Exchange Place (between State and Main, and 3rd and 4th), SLC, 521-9292.
- *Confetti Club, modern, techno, industrial, 909 E 2100 S, SLC.
- *Comedy Circuit, Main & Center St., Midvale, 561-7777.
- *Dead Goat Saloon, rock and alternative, 165 S West Temple, SLC, 539-8400.
- *DV8, modern music and live bands, 115 S West Temple, SLC, 539-8400.
- *The Edge, 153 W Center, Provo, 375-3131.
- *Jamaican Place, alternative and disco, with live reggae every Saturday, 165 S West Temple,

SLC, 575-6432.

- *Johnny B's Comedy Club, 300 S 117 W, Provo, 377-6910.
- *Mama's Cafe, 840 N 700 E, Provo, 373-1525.
- *The Palace, 501 N 900 E, Provo, 373-2623.
- *Pie Pizzeria, 1320 E 200 S, SLC, 582-0913.
- *The Station, 117 N University Ave., Provo, 377-5454.
- *Tropicana Club, live Latin music, 1130 E 2100 S, SLC, 486-9559.
- *Zephyr Club, rock, live bands and alternative, 301 S West Temple, SLC, 355-CLUB.

Essential Phone Numbers

- ☉AIDS Hotline, 1-800-AIDS-411.
- ☉Air Quality Hotline, 373-9560.
- ☉Alcoholics Anonymous, 375-8620.
- ☉ACLU, 521-9289.
- ☉Ask-A-Nurse, 377-8488.
- ☉Boy Scouts of America, 373-4185 or 1-800-748-4256.
- ☉BYU Info, 378-INFO.
- ☉BYU Standards, 378-2847.
- ☉Camping at Utah State Parks, 322-3770 or 1-800-322-3700.
- ☉Career Guidance Center, 377-7476.
- ☉Center for Women & Children in Crisis, 374-9351.
- ☉Concert Hotline, 536-1234.
- ☉Dial-A-Story, 379-6675.
- ☉Orrin Hatch, 375-7881.
- ☉Job Service, 373-7500.
- ☉LDS Social Services, 378-7620.
- ☉Mosquito Abatement, 370-8637.
- ☉National Kidney Foundation, 226-5111.
- ☉Peace Corps, 1-800-525-4621.
- ☉Poison Control Center, 1-800-456-7707.
- ☉Rex Lee's Office, 378-2521.
- ☉Share-A-Pet, 975-1650.
- ☉Smith TIX, 1-800-888-TIXX.
- ☉Sonic Garden, 37-SONIC.
- ☉Student Review Office, 377-2980.
- ☉Time & Temperature, 373-9120.
- ☉TNT Fart Line, 1-900-TNT-FART.
- ☉UTA Bus Info, 375-4636.
- ☉Utah Jazz, 355-DUNK.
- ☉UVSC Info, 222-8000.
- ☉Utah Bureau of Air Quality, 536-4000.
- ☉Utahns Against Hunger, 328-2561.
- ☉White House, 202-456-1414.
- ☉Youth Service Center, 373-2215.

*If you have any exciting additions to the calendar or any other comments, please call Janeal at 377-4943.

Pick A Winner

This month, if at all possible, hit the 1995-96 Worldwide KISS Convention on June 22. Could there possibly be a better way to spend \$100? Just the opportunity to see Gene Simmons in all his splendor, and purchase a pair of platform boots is reason enough. But if you don't have the cash, go for the planetarium show at BYU because after June it will be closed until 1996. They put on a groovy show for \$1, and if the weather's clear, you may get close and personal with a planet through the telescope.